

Puff your way into the joys of Prince Albert!

Go ahead, quick as you lay in a stock of the national joy smoke! Fire up a pipe or a makin's cigarette as though you never did know what tobacco bite and parch meant!

For Prince Albert is freed from bite and parch by a patented process controlled exclusively by us. You can smoke it without a comeback of any kind because P. A. is real tobacco delight.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

will do for you what it has done for thousands of men, not only in the States but all over the world! It will give you a correct idea of what a pipe smoke or a home-rolled cigarette should be.

Get this Prince Albert pipe-peace and makin's-peace message, you men who have "retired" from pipe and cigarette-makin's pleasure; you men who have never known its solace! Because you have a lot of smoke pleasure due you quick as you pack-your-pipe or roll-a-cigarette with P. A. and make fire!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold: in tippy red bags, 5c; tippy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors and in that clever pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such fine shape.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



On the reverse side of this tippy red tin you will read: "Process Patented July 30th, 1907," which has made three men smoke pipes who were one smoked before!

TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER

Of John F. Bible With a Tree-Climbing Rattlesnake in The Swamps of Mississippi.

TURKEY-HUNTING IN A BOAT

Shooting Off The Noses of Black Squirrels and Laying in a Supply of Rabbit Pork.

Yazoo City, Miss., Feb. 24, 1916.

Editor Kentuckian:

In the language of the ardent (?) prohibitionist, I would exclaim: "Water, water; water everywhere and thank God (?) not a drop to drink but water."

High water has broken all records this year and most of my plantation is under water, but it will do me no damage. In fact it will distribute several thousand dollars worth of new rich soil without the expense of a manure spreader. This unprecedented high water has abundantly demonstrated that this section of the Delta has nothing to fear from high water. Most of my place is above the tops of the levees on the west side of the Mississippi and before it could get over all of my place it would top the levees and all Louisiana would be a part of the great Gulf of Mexico and steamboats could ply Canal street in New Orleans.

This Delta is indeed a God favored section. No oppressive heat in summer and no cold nor freezes—no sneezes in winter. I have not so much as had a bad cold since I came here. Have never missed a meal—and even though I have sometimes had to do my own cooking—I have had a glorious appetite to enjoy every meal.

For the last three weeks I have done nothing but my chores, hunted and enjoyed the ideal weather and watched the back waters from the great Father of Waters gradually but surely creep up upon us.

I never saw more delightful weather and I have stood upon the summits of the plateaus of Mexico and have been all over the "Golden West" and observed the Golden Sunset on the placid Pacific. It has been neither hot nor cold here. Just ideal, and when I say ideal I mean ideal and I know what ideal means. Each night last week I sat upon my front porch in my shirt sleeves—all alone—and gazed upon the placid waters of the Old Yazoo as they glided slowly and silently on toward the sea, ever creeping Heavenward too, all aglow with the effulgent rays of a soft clear full moon. It was a sight for the gods.

Each morning I have sat upon my big screened front porch in my shirt sleeves waiting patiently the never-to-be-mistaken exhaust of a gasoline boat to bring in the morning papers. Here I drank in the warm sunshine, listened to the beautiful songs of the birds and filled my lungs with the pure exhilarating air, sweet from the perfume of peach and plum blossoms. Man alone may not accomplish much, but it gives him a better opportunity for meditation and rumination, and I believe he feels closer to his Maker when he is not surrounded with the excitement incident to social and commercial life. I make no pretenses of being unduly religious, but truly God seems closer when I see so much of His handiwork and am the recipient of so many of His blessings to mankind.

I have practically lived on game since last November. I have never been without all the wild meat I could eat and much of it spoiled on me. Right now my fields are alive with big swamp rabbits. I often get from 20 to 50 before breakfast. One morning last week I had only 30 shells and I got 32 rabbits, 1 quail, 1 woodcock and one wild turkey, and I do not boast of being an extra good shot either, but you will see I made every shot count and doubled on some of them. I am salting my rabbits down just like pork. They are large and fat and weigh about 6 pounds each. The high water ran them out of the swamp and onto my fields. Over 500 have been killed within sight of my house.

I have had many interesting and amusing experiences since the flood, for many of which no doubt the sporting journals would pay handsome prices if written up by an abler pen than mine. Not being a finished story writer, I will not tax the endurance of your many readers—among whom I

count many of my best friends—with an account of more than one of these interesting experiences. Interesting at least to me and I hope the one I am going to try to tell you about will not burden your columns nor bore your readers.

The water in our swamps, extending for scores of miles, is from 12 to 20 feet deep, and it makes the otherwise tall trees appear like scrubs, and the rifle shot who can't always hit a squirrel's eye from the ground can plug him every time, now that the water places us so near the tops of the trees, and squirrels are as thick as mosquitoes in the Frankel Flat on a warm September day. So I have enjoyed squirrel and wild turkey and duck shooting from a boat in our swamps, which are dense with large majestic trees. The turkey will not fly far when the swamps have such a "thick" sheet of water. They seem to think that they are safe in a tree.

I always take one of my plantation negroes with me on these boating trips and if there is anything of which a Delta negro is more afraid than a country church graveyard, it is a rattlesnake. In fact they are terribly afraid of any kind of a snake, but of a rattlesnake they are scared stiff.

Last Thursday I went in the swamps on one of these hunts and took with me a typical superstitious "snake-skeery" negro, as black as the ace of spades. We were getting along swimmingly and having good luck, and the negro's appetite was anticipating several good meals of squirrel and turkey. I took along one of my rifles and was to shoot the squirrels only on "the nose," so as not to tear them up. We found two big juicy black squirrels in a low tree and I had shot the nose off one, which still clung to the tree. We were trying to get the other one to stick his nose over the limb so I could make him "noseless" too, when I observed something fall out of the tree which I at first thought was a bad limb. I looked the tree over and could not discover any dead or broken limbs anywhere, so my suspicions were aroused, but I said never a word to my negro. I had him push the boat to where I had seen the limb (?) fall. We had stopped the boat and the negro had his hand on a sapling about a foot above the largest rattlesnake I have ever seen. The snake was coiled around the sapling and was nearly all under water, except its head, but the water was clear enough to see the entire snake. Its head was sticking up and its tongue almost touched the negro's hand. The negro had not seen the snake. I told him to push the boat away from the sapling so as to get away from the snake. He looked down and saw that snake almost sticking its long tongue in his face and believe me that black negro was scared white. He was the worst scared human being I ever saw. He was simply scared wild. He started to jump overboard, but I put my gun on him and told him I would shoot him if he undertook to leap overboard. But really the negro was more afraid of the snake than he was of my gun, but he was just scared stiff. He dropped the paddle overboard and the boat bumped into the tree around which the snake was coiled. This

caused the snake to uncoil and attempt to get into the boat. Believe me the negro was now "sho nough" scared and I began to feel a little uneasy myself, as we had nothing to steer the boat with, but I knew that if that negro jumped overboard he would sink as quick as a bag of shot. So I had to keep my gun and one eye on the negro and the other eye on the snake. Our boat got tangled in some vines and the snake was busy trying to climb aboard, as he seemed determined to take passage with us. Finally I got him at the right angle and tore his head off with a soft nosed bullet propelled by Dupont's best powder. The snake was now past doing us any damage but the negro was not satisfied.

The snake was only partly in the boat and I wanted to keep him for a trophy, and particularly his string of rattlers of which there must have been at least 25 besides the button. A snake does not quit wriggling as soon as its head is off, but I knew this and began to try to get the snake all into the boat, and had nearly succeeded when the negro let out a yell which would have made an Indian war whoop sound like a nurse's whisper. The negro had really just "caught his breath." I thought sure he would jump overboard, so I had to again get into action to prevent him from doing so, which in the 25 feet of water and his frightened condition would have meant instant death. In the meantime the snake had wriggled overboard and was sinking head downward. I wanted to get those rattlers, so I grabbed him by the tail, but the negro wobbled the boat so badly that I let the snake slip away and again he went to the bottom and got so tangled in the vines I could not rescue him, much to the negro's delight. The snake was about 9 feet long.

The negro says he would not go back into the swamp for all the farms in the Delta.

If after reading the above your readers want another equally interesting wild cat story, I will try to give it.

Your friend,
JOHN FRANKLIN BIBLE.

Webster County Man.

The mysterious stranger found wandering on the streets Thursday and sent to the hospital was identified as Samuel Petty, a prominent Webster county farmer. Mr. Petty disappeared last Sunday from his home, mentally unbalanced as the result of a severe attack of grip. Friends had been dragging ponds and rivers in search of him. His son-in-law, Mr. Knight, took him back home.

Seaweed offers a prolific source of fuel oil when the present supplies are exhausted.

DR. BEAZLEY

Specialist
(Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.)

GRAFT CHARGES AGAINST WOMAN

Sensational Story By Chicago Alderman Involves Mrs. Rowe City Official.

Chicago, February 25.—A sensational allegation of graft has made to a city council committee by Alderman William E. Rodriguez, who charges that Mrs. Page Waller Eaton, lecturer, author and head of the bureau of social survey under Mrs. Louise Osborne Rowe, commissioner of the bureau of public welfare, had been compelled for months to pay over approximately one-third of her salary to Mrs. Rowe.

The payments, it is alleged, were always made in cash, and were said to be for the benefit of a needy relative of Mayor William Hale Thompson.

Alderman Rodriguez demanded that the council committee investigate the charges.

"In order to protect herself after the demands for money were made last June," Alderman Rodriguez said, "Mrs. Eaton went to her lawyer, Seymour Stedman. After conferring with him she called me in. I advised her to ask for a council investigation. She declared, however, that the debts which were pressing her made her fear for the loss of her position. She decided to continue making the payments. I am told she paid more than \$500 to Mrs. Rowe. The payments were made, she told me, in installments of \$43, paid twice a month. The last payment was made January 4. At that time she refused to pay more. She resigned last Saturday."

Asked to whom the money was turned over by Mrs. Rowe, Alderman Rodriguez said:

"According to the story, the money was to go for the support of a needy relative of Mayor Thompson, a widow, I am told. I saw the payment made by Mrs. Rowe on June 28, last year," continued the alderman. "Mrs. Eaton attempted to make the payments in the form of a check, but Mrs. Rowe refused to accept them." Mrs. Rowe and Mayor Thompson asserted that the charges were "absurd."

Georgia Still At It.

Cartersville, Ga., Feb. 28.—A mob by a ruse entered the jail here Friday morning, seized Jesse McCorkle, a negro accused of assaulting a white woman, and hanged him to a tree in front of the city hall. Then they riddled the body with bullets.

You'll be happy over your Garden if you buy your SEEDS from us.



Our new Seeds for this year have just arrived. Come in now and get everything you need. Make that garden better than ever before.

There are many new varieties this year.

Planters Hardware Co.
Incorporated.

Burpee's Seeds Grow

and are supplied every year, direct to more American planters than are the seeds of any other growers. The Fortieth Anniversary Edition of Burpee's Annual is brighter and better than ever. Known as *The Leading American Seed Catalog*, it is a Safe Guide to Success in the garden. It is mailed free. Write for it today. W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED!

--AT--
Our High Market Prices
--FOR

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY DELIVERY

March 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1916

20,000 POUNDS POULTRY As Follows:

Hens	12 cents per pound
Rposters	5 cents per pound
Ducks	12 cents per pound
Geese	9 cents per pound
Guineas	20 cents each
Turkey Hens	14 cents per pound
Young Toms	14 cents per pound
Old Toms	12 cents per pound

SPOT CASH DELIVERED AT OUR STORE.

Also Top Market Prices for HIDES and FURS. Bring us your produce while the market is strong and prices high.

HAYDON PRODUCE CO.

By Herbert L. Haydon, Manager.